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**Jack of Newbury
songster**

**S p e e n h a m l a n d
[England]**

[18--]

Reel: 38 Title: 7

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Master Negative Storage Number: OC100038.07**

Control Number: ADG-3612

OCLC Number : 27690727

Call Number : W PN970.E5 JACKNx v.4

**Title : Jack of Newbury songster : being a collection of popular
songs, duets, glees, etc.**

**Imprint : Speenhamland [England] : Printed and published by W. Hall,
[18--]**

Format : v. ; 12 cm.

Note : Cover title.

Note : Without music.

Note : Library has no. 3, 4, and 5.

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

Added Entry : Hall, W.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm

Image Placement: IIB

Reduction Ratio: 8:1

Date filming began: 8/31/94

Camera Operator: CS

No. 4.

Price 1d.

JACK OF NEWBURY
SONGSTER.

BEING A COLLECTION OF
POPULAR SONGS,
DUETS, GLEES, ETC.

SPEENHAMLAND:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. HALL.

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All's Well.—A Duet.—T. DIBDIN.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round ;
And should a footstep haply stray,
Where caution marks the guarded way :
" Who goes there ? Stranger, quickly tell,"
" A friend."—" The word."—" Good night ;"
" All's well."

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
When weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck :
And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,
Some friendly voice salutes his ear—
" What cheer ? Brother, quickly tell."
" Above."—" Below."—" Good night :"—
" All's well."

The Lads of the Village.—C. DIBDIN.

WHILE the lads of the village shall merrily
ha !
Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee along ;
And I say unto thee, that verily, ha !
Thou and I will be first in the throng ;

PAGINATION BEGINS

100

Just then when the swain who last year won
the dow'r,

With his mates shall the sports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladness resounds
from each bower,

And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.

Those joys which are harmless what mortal
can blame?

'Tis my maxim that youth should be free;
And to prove that my words and my deeds
are the same,

Believe me, thou'lt presently see.

Come, thou Monarch of the Vine.—

SHAKESPEARE.

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne,
In thy vats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd,
Cup us till the world goes round.

**Here's to the Maiden of Bashful
Fifteen.—R. B. SHERIDAN.**

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Now to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty:
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we
prize,

Now to the damsel with none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And now to the nymph with but one, sir :
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's brown as a berry ;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry :
Let the toast pass, &c.

For let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather ;
So fill up a bumper, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast 'em together :
Let the toast pass, &c.

Death's Final Conquest.—J SHIRLEY'
1666.

THE glories of our birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate :
Death lays his icy hands on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made,
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still.
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
 Upon death's purple altar now,
 See where the victor-victim bleeds :
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb :
 Only the actions of the just,
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

SHAKSPEARE.

UNDER the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither !
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to lie i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleas'd with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither !
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

A Bumper of Good Liquor.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

A BUMPER of good liquor,
 Will end a conquest quicker,
 Than justice, judge, or vicar ;
 So fill a cheerful glass,
 And let good humour pass :
 But if more deep the quarrel,
 Why sooner drain the barrel,
 Than be the hateful fellow,
 That's crabbed when he's mellow.
 A bumper, &c.

Ye Fair Married Dames.—GARRICK.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore,
 That a lover once blest, is a lover no more ;
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be
 taught,
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has
 caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of
 your eye,
 Your roses and lilies may make the men
 sigh;
 But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,
 And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed, like your fav'rite
 guitar,
 Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handled too roughly, nor played on too
 much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your
 hand,
 Grow tame at your kindness, and come at
 command:
 Exert with your husband the same happy
 skill,
 For hearts, like young birds, may be tam'd
 to your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and
 kind,
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to
 your mind;
 'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest im-
 prove,
 And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

Glee.

Tune.—“ *Glorious Apollo.*”

GODDESS of Freedom ! from on high behold
us,

While thus to thee we dedicate our lays ;
Long in thy cause hath principle enroll'd us,
Here to thy name a monument we raise.
Thus then combining, heart and voice join-
ing,

Sing we in harmony to Freedom's praise.

Here ev'ry gen'rous sentiment awaking,

Zeal that inspir'd our patriots yore :
Each pledge of Freedom giving and partak-
ing,

Join we our bleeding country to restore.
Thus then combining, heart and voice join-
ing,

Send the shouts of Liberty from shore to
shore.

The Yachtman's Glee.—ERRIDGE AND
GATES.

HURRAH ! Hurrah ! for a yachtman's life,
His pleasures and joys are untiring ;
On land and at sea, he is gallant and free,
And his spirits are ever inspiring.

Then quaff to his health and his lass,
 A full glass, ruddy and bright,
 The morrow may care for itself,
 We banish all sorrow to-night.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for a yachtman's life,
 Through the shoals of which he is steering,
 No guiles overwhelm, his heart is his helm,
 That will ne'er from the right tack be
 bearing.

Then quaff to his health and his ship,
 A full glass, ruddy and bright,
 May our morrows all close 'midst such
 friends,
 Whose faces have cheered us to-night.

The Hardy Sailor.

A POPULAR RONDEAU.

THE hardy sailor braves the ocean,
 Fearless of the roaring wind ;
 Yet his heart with soft emotion,
 Throbs to leave his love behind.
 To dread of foreign foes a stranger,
 Tho' the youth can dauntless roam,
 Alarming fears paint every danger,
 In a rival left at home.

The Week's Work.

My wife, she died last *Saturday* night,
 I buried her on the *Sunday* ;
 I courted another coming from church,
 And I married again on *Monday*.
 On *Tuesday* after I stole a horse,
 On *Wednesday* apprehended ;
 On *Thursday*, I was tried and cast,
 And *to-morrow*, the week will be ended.

Will Watch.

'Twas one morn, when the wind from the
 northward blew keenly,
 While sullenly roared the big waves of the
 main,
 A fam'd smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his
 Sue then serenely,
 Took helm, and to sea boldly steer'd out
 again.
 Will had promis'd his Sue that this trip, if
 well ended,
 Shou'd coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor
 ashore ;
 When his pockets were lin'd, why his life
 should be mended ;
 The laws he had broken, he'd never break
 more.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took
her lading ;

Then Will stood for home, reach'd the
offing, and cried,

This night, (if I've luck,) furls the sails of
my trading ;

In dock I can lay, serve a friend too be-
side.

Will lay-to till the night came on, dark-
some and dreary ;

To crowd ev'ry sail then he pip'd up each
hand ;

But a signal soon spied, ('twas a prospect
uncheery,)

A signal that warn'd him to bear from the
land.

" The Philistines are out," cried Will, " well,
take no heed on 't :

Attack'd, who 's the man that will flinch
from his gun ?

Shou'd my head be blown off, I shall ne'er
feel the need on't,

We'll fight while we can, when we can't,
boys, we'll run."

Through the haze of the night, a bright
flash now appearing,

" Oh ! oh !" cries Will Watch, " the
Philistines bear down ;

Bear a hand, my tight lads, ere we think
about sheering,
One broadside pour in, shou'd we swim,
boys, or drown."

"But shou'd I be popp'd off, you, my mates,
left behind me,
Regard my last words, see 'em kindly
obey'd ;

Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends,
do you mind me,

Near the beach is the grave where Will
Watch would be laid."

Poor Will's yarn was spun out, for a bullet
next minute

Laid him low on the deck, and he never
spoke more.

His bold crew fought the brig while a shot
remain'd in it ;

Then sheer'd—and Will's hulk to his
Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was
complied with ;

To few known his grave, and to few known
his end ;

He was borne to the earth by the crew that
he died with,

He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers
of each friend.

Near his grave dash the billows, the winds
 loudly bellow;
 Yon ash, struck with light'ning, points
 out the cold bed,
 Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that
 fam'd lawless fellow,
 Once fear'd, now forgot, sleeps in peace with
 the dead.

Pop Goes the Weasel.

SOME time ago the people said that English
 sports were dying,
 And dancing parties were so scarce that
 pretty girls were crying;
 Then the polkas they came out, and two-
 penny hops were rising,
 And Madame Taglioni's tricks they were
 indeed surprising.
 But now Black Sal and Dusty Bob, my Lord
 and Lady Teasel,
 Go where you will, you'll hear it still, all
 dance Pop goes the Weasel.
 This dance is very popular—it is without
 deception:
 Pop goes the Weasel's been to court, and
 met a good reception;
 Our Queen has patronised the dance (no
 music could be riper),
 Says Albert, "Let them dance away, John
 Bull must pay the piper!"

This dance will cure you of the blues, the
 headache, or the measles,
 So foot it out with toe and heel, and sing,
 Pop goes the Weasel.

Pop goes the Weasel all admire—'tis such
 a lovely trick, sirs!
 Each playhouse too has got it out, the Surrey
 and the Vic., sirs,
 The Pavilion and the Standard, the Britannia
 and the Eagle,
 Rare fun it is to see them kiss, and dance
 Pop goes the Weasel.

This dance, &c.

Now all you pretty girls beware when you
 are gaily prancing,
 And mind you watch your sweethearts well
 when you go out a dancing;
 For if you give the rogues their way, as in
 the dance you are bustling,
 They'll soon find out the artful dodge, and
 then they'll spoil your muslin.

This dance, &c.

A country lad the other day, came all the
 way from Berkshire,
 He'd heard folks say, that London was the
 place to have a lark, sir.

He roamed about the town all day, and at
night went to the Eagle;

"I'm dang'd," says he, "but I must see
Pop goes the Weasel!"

This dance, &c.

He sat and stared, with open mouth, at
everything around him,

Till a girl stepped up and said, she was so
glad she 'd found him.

"Hallo!" says he, "do you know me?—my
name is Roger Teazel!"

"All right," says she, "come home and
see, Pop goes the Weasel."

This dance, &c.

She took poor Roger to a house, down a very
dark turning,

And told him he could lodge there, quite
snug, till the morning.

She eased him of his watch and blunt, and
left poor Roger Teazel,

And smiling said, "I'm off!—Pop goes the
Weasel!"

This dance, &c.

An old maid exclaimed, "I hav'nt danced
for half a century,

But Pop goes the Weasel makes me feel as
if I were but twenty,

The pretty girls of London town are nearly
running mad, sir!

The Weasel dance they swear they'll learn,
in spite of mam or dad, sir!"

This dance, &c.

So now, my dear mammas, look out, take
care of your daughters!

Get them married off at once, or keep them
in close quarters;

Or after all your care to get them o'er the
measles,

You'll have 'em falling deep in love with
Pop goes the Weasel!

This dance, &c.

The Slave.

I HAD a dream, a happy dream;

I thought that I was free;

That in my own bright land again,

A home there was for me.

Savannah's tides dashed bravely on,

I saw wave roll o'er wave;

But when in full delight I woke,

I found myself a slave.

I never knew a mother's love,

Yet happy were my days,

For by my own dear father's side

I sang my simple lays.

He died—and heartless strangers came,
 Ere closed o'er him the grave,
 They tore me weeping from his side,
 And claimed me as their slave.

And this was in a Christian land,
 Where men oft kneel and pray;
 The vaunted home of liberty,
 Where lash and chain hold sway.
 O, give me back my Georgian cot,
 It is not wealth I crave;
 O, let me live in freedom's light,
 Or die, if still a slave.

Grand Scheme of Emigration.

THE *Brewers* should to *Malta* go,
 The *Loggerheads* to *Scilly*,
 The *Quakers* to the *Friendly Isles*,
 The *Furriers* all to *Chili*.

The little brawling, squalling *Babes*,
 That breaks, at night, one's rest,
 Should be packed off to *Babylon*,
 To *Lapland* or to *Brest*.

Cooks from *Spithead* to *Greece* should go,
 And while the *Miser* waits
 His passage to the *Guinea* coast,
Spendthrifts are in the *Straits*.

Spinsters should to the *Needles* go,
Wine-bibbers to *Burgundy*,
Gourmands should lunch at *Sandwich Isles*,
Wags at the *Bay of Fundy*.

Mariners should hasten to the *Sound*,
The Travellers to *Rome*,
 While all the race of *Hypocrites*,
 At *Canton* are at home.

Lovers should hasten to *Good Hope*,
 Although *Cape Horn* is pain,
Debtors should go to *O-hie-O*,
 And *Gamblers* to the *Main*.

Bachelors to the *United States*,
Maids to the *Isle of Man*,
The Gardeners go to *Botany Bay*,
The Shoeblacks to *Japan*.

Lounger Lightfinger.

I'm quite a gemmen bred,
 Through *Bond Street* 'tis I roll it ;
 My croppled-hen-frizzled head,
 Feels just as if I stole it.
 My buck-skins, boots, the go !
 (In fashion I'm no sailor,)
 For them like bucks, I owe,
 And like them, owe my tailor.
 La ral, la ral ral, &c.

The ladies, pretty dears !
 Oft smirk, and cry "Who is it ?"
 To soothe hopes and fears,
 I pays them a love-visit,
 My eyes enchanted rove,
 O'er dresses, rings, and lockets,
 And fiercely I make love
 To the dear creatures' pockets.
 La ral, la ral ral, &c.

If by chance Ma'am asks, "how lives
 So smart and gay a fellow ?"
 No answer 'tis I gives,
 For dam'me, I can't tell her :
 My bow then making brief,
 If my hat she spies her cloak in,
 And loudly bawls, "Stop thief !"
 Says I, "Lord, I am but joking."
 La ral, la ral lal, &c.

Let Mirth go round.

LET mirth unmixt go round, go round,
 Let joy fill up the measure,
 Let smiles be seen around, around,
 And all our study pleasure.

The Gipsies.

THE gipsies they came to my father's door,
 By one, by two, and by three,
 They lifted the latch, and paced the floor,
 And the cradle they robb'd of me.

But is there—hark! no dogs to bark,
 When danger is so near;
 Alas! poor Tray, he poison'd lay,
 While slept my parents dear.

The gipsies they left my father's cot,
 By one, by two, and by three,
 And now a changeling my sire had got,
 And an evil child is he;
 My parents' bounty nurs'd his years,
 When fled with all their store,
 And they, who dried his infant tears,
 Now beg from door to door.

While pensive I thought on my Love.

WHILE pensive I thought on my love,
 The moon on the mountain was bright,
 And philomel, down in the grove,
 Broke sweetly the silence of night.

O I wished that the tear drop would flow,
 But I felt too much anguish to weep;
 Till worn by the weight of my woe,
 I sunk on my pillow to sleep.

Methought that my love, as I lay
 His ringlets all clotted with gore,
 In the paleness of death seemed to say,
 Alas! we must never meet more.

Yes, yes, my beloved, we must part—
 The steel of my rival proved true:
 The assassin has struck on that heart,
 Which beats with such fervour for you.

The Jew Pedlar.

A Characteristic Ballad by C. Dibdin.

[*Spoken.*] Come along wid you, I tell you: dis is de first time I ever was ever seen in your company, and I hope it vont be de last—Come along; pull out your purses, and—Vat do you do wid your fish-hooks in my box? If you don't take 'em out again, I shall give you a Mendoza, and lay you all along so flat, as if you vas a flounder, my dear—You tink because vat I'm a *Jew*, you may use me like a *Turk*; but if you wants to play any game vid me, I knows an *odd trick or two* as vell as de best of you.

A peddling Jew gets often jeered:

“Vat d'ye want, Moses? Get along
 Moses;”

Never mind dat, for who's *afeard*?

So let 'em cock up dere noses,
 In spite of all dey do and tink,
 Ve buys and sells, and gets de chink.

[*Spoken.*] Who buys my coots? dey're better as new, and cheaper as old—Here's a beautiful chain, to fasten in your fob, and make de people tink you has a vatch—No more as 3s. 6d.?—3s.?—Vel, 2s. 6d.?—2s.?—1s. 6d.?—Vel, give me 1s.?—Vat! do you say,

6d. ?—Do you tink I shtoul it ?—Would'nt you have a seal into de bargain ?—Vel, I only get a gra't by you.

So jeers and jokes we gives and takes,
And all the vwhile a good bargain makes,
And pockets de chink ; fal, la, de ral la.

Ve deals in all tings we comes across—
“ Ferry coot, Moses—puy a lot, Moses ?”
Ve own to no profit, and lives by the loss ;
And a pretty account we closes.
Ven boys, out wid a box we set,
And seldom in a *wrong box* get.

[*Spoken.*] I vas a tradesman myself ven I was no more than so old as half-past eight, selling roulers—Nobody buys 'em now, for every beau's head is all de vorld as if it vas a scrubbing brush—Vill you buy a fine comb for your wife ?—Its the very best tortoise-shell—(*aside*) made of horn. Don't be afeard of her combing your head vid it, for de teeth an't calf's head proof.

So jeers, &c.

Vene'er to bargain ve begin,
It's “ Take care of Moses—very deep
Moses !”
And we may as well take the *peoplesh* in,
For we always do dat dey supposes ;
But vy say *Jews* are rogues, by the bye,
Ven an honest man is worth a *Jew's eye*.

[*Spoken.*] Let every von dat's fond of calling another a *rogue*, be first sure he can find an *honest man* at home; but schandal, my dear, is de order of de day; and many *good sort of people* are so over-righteous, and have so much to do in looking after dere neighbours' business, dey have no time to look after dere own; but take dis lesson from a Jew—*To mend von hole in your own coat, is better as picking twenty in your neighbour's, my dear.*

So jeers, &c.

Hope told a Flattering Tale.

HOPE told a flatt'ring tale,
That joy would soon return;
Ah! nought my sighs avail,
For love is doom'd to mourn.

Ah! where's the flatt'rer gone?
From me for ever flown;
The happy dream of love is o'er,
Life, alas! can charm no more.

How to Settle the Turkish Question;

OR, A NEW WAY TO MAKE PEACE.

'MID all the commotions of this wayward
life,
The bustle of envy, ambition, or strife;
To make troubles light, and cares easily
pass,

I commend, like a landlord, a soul-cheering
glass.

Down, down, down, derry down.

There's nothing so pleasant as true, honest
mirth,

And good eating and drinking's the first
thing on earth;

E'en at Church, too, how often this senti-
ment's given,

To live well below is the sure way to heav'n.

Down, &c.

I really believe there is something divine,
In a bottle, or two, of bewitching old wine;
For we see how in men it makes wonderful
odds,

They'll open their hearts and their purses
like gods.

Down, &c.

E'en the cold, reserv'd Stoic, who ne'er has
desires

For what we all like, and what nature
requires,

Yet the juice of the grape, his blood it so
warms,

That the first wench he meets he's for tast-
ing her charms.

Down, &c.

And the foolish old maid, who dislikes
naughty men,
And would not, as she tells you, be youthful
again;
Yet ply her with bumpers, you'll find it so
true,
If you do not kiss her, why, faith! she'll kiss
you.

Down, &c.

So then, as such wonders result from good
drinking,
On a plan of importance I've lately been
thinking;
Which I will propose to the heads of the
nation,
And I hope it will meet with their full
approbation.

Down, &c.

That our Ministers over to Russia should
send,
Inviting the Emperor to dine at Gravesend;
Where, indeed, all the great ones of Europe
should meet,
To partake of a friendly and true jolly treat.
Down, &c.

Not a word of the war should be spoken at
dinner,
As who is the loser, or who is the winner;

Old friend should be given in a bumper at
 least,
 As the founder of that and of ev'ry good
 feast.

Down, &c.

When the wine had enabled each man to see
 clear,
 For the mind, like the body's inspired by
 good cheer;
 When all were as potent and happy as kings,
 They then should discuss political things.

Down, &c.

No doubt but the bottle would make them
 agree,
 And the world be restored to sweet amity;
 For under all governments, this you may
 find,
 True liberty blossoms in each honest mind.

Down, &c.

So then with your leave, Sirs, a toast I'll
 propose,
 Success to our friends—reformation to foes;
 An end to all war, desolation, and woe;
 'Stead of blood, may rich Claret and Bur-
 gundy flow.

Down, &c.

The Tar for all Weathers.

C. DIBDIN.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy ;
My jib, how she smack'd through the
breeze,

She's a vessel as tight, to my fancy,
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.

So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls, and our dear native shore,
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.

But sailors were born for all weathers ;
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk ;
For the wind so began for to alter,
She reel'd, just as tho' she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,—
Helm-a-weather, the hoarse boatswain
cries,

Brace the foresail athwart, see she quivers,
As through the rough tempest she flies.

But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky ;

When truly a doleful disaster
 Befel three poor sailors and I:
 Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick
 Handsail,

By a blast that came furious and hard,
 Just while we furling the mainsail,
 Were ev'ry soul swept from the yard.

But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cried *Peccavi* ;
 As for I, at the risk of my neck,
 While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
 Caught a rope, and so landed-on deck.
 Well, what would you have ? we were
 stranded,

And out of a fine, jolly crew
 Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
 But I, and I think twenty-two.

But sailors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
 Another guess-way sat the wind,
 For to England I came, and got married
 To a lass that was comely and kind ;
 But whether for joy or vexation
 We know not for what we were born ;
 Perhaps I may find a kind station,
 Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.

For sailors, &c.

Heaving of the Lead.

W. SHIELD.

FOR England when with fav'ring gale
 Our gallant ship up Channel steer'd,
 And, scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue Western land appear'd;
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 "By the deep—nine!"

And bearing up to gain the post,
 Some well-known object kept in view;
 An abbey-tow'r, the harbour-fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true;
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 "By the mark—seven!"

And, as the much-loved shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof
 Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof.
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 "Quarter less—five!"

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh:
 We shorten sail—she feels the tide—
 "Stand clear the cable," is the cry—

The anchor's gone; we safely ride.
 The watch is set, and through the night
 We hear the seamen with delight,
 Proclaim—"All's well!"

Care, thou Canker of our Joys.

A Catch for Three Voices.

CARE, thou canker of our joys,
 Now thy tyrant reign is o'er,
 Fill the merry bowl, my boys,
 Join the Bacchanalian roar.

Seize the villain, plunge him in,
 See the hated miscreant dies;
 Mirth and all thy train come in,
 Banish sorrow, tears, and sighs.

O'er the merry midnight bowl,
 O, how happy we shall be!
 Day was made for vulgar souls,
 Night, my boys, for you and me.

Drink to Me only with thine Eyes.

BEN JONSON.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from my soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It would not wither'd be ;
 But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
 And sent it back to me ;
 Since then it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee.

Take, oh, take those Lips away !

SHAKSPEARE.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn,
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn :
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears :
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.